



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Ease to perswade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thrive therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy trauaile.
With me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow storie of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deepe storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shooes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Bootes.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fore sighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;
How euer; but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you caull at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue;
To *Milaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Milaine*.

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. *Exit.*

He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weak; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Milaine*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeepe a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,
and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my
Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder followes the Shepheard,
the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou
for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another prooffe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter
to *Julia*?

Sp. I

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Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her
(a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a
lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of
Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best
sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound
you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for car-
rying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your Louer.

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;

And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it toge-
ther, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,

Hauiug nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Befrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brieft; what
said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter
may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truly Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;

No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:

And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;

I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.

Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as Steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains: (me;

To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cester'd

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish hauiug thee aboard,

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:

I must goe send some better Messenger,

If eare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiuing them from such a worthless post. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)

Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,

That euery day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which

Lu. Please you repea

According to my shall

Lu. What thinkst th

Lu. As of a Knight

But were I you, he nee

Lu. What think'st th

Lu. Well of his wea

Lu. What think'st th

Lu. Lord, Lord: to

Lu. How now? wha

Lu. Pardon deare M

That I (vnworthy body

Should censure thus on

Lu. Why not on *Pro*

Lu. Then thus: of n

Lu. Your reason?

Lu. I haue no other

I thinke him so, becau

Lu. And would'st th

Lu. I: if you thoug

Lu. Why he, of all t

Lu. Yet he, of all th

Lu. His little speak

Lu. Fire that's close

Lu. They doe not lo

Lu. Oh, they loue lea

Lu. I would I knew

Lu. Peruse this pap

Lu. To *Julia*: say, fi

Lu. That the Conter

Lu. Say, say: who g

Lu. Sir *Valentines* pa

He would haue giuen i

Did in your name recei

Lu. Now (by my me

Dare you presume to ha

To whisper, and conspi

Now trust me, 'tis an off

And you an officer fit fo

There: take the paper:

Or else returne no more

Lu. To plead for lou

Lu. Will ye be gon

Lu. That you may r

Lu. And yet I would

It were a shame to call h

And pray her to a fault,

What foole is she, tha

And would not force th

Since Maides, in mode

Which they would hau

Fie, fie: how way-wa

That (like a testie Babe

And presently, all hum

How churlishly, I chid

When willingly, I wou

How angerly I taught m

When inward ioy enfor

My pennance is, to call

And aske remission, for

What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would y

Lu. Is't neere dinne

Lu. I would it were,

That you might kill you